THE

NEGRO SLAVES,

A DRAMATIC PIECE,

OF ONE ACT,

WITH SONGS,

PERFORMED BY HIS

MAJESTY's SERVANTS,

OF THE

THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH;

BEING THE ORIGINAL

OF THE

BLACKMAN AND BLACKBIRD,

PERFORMED AT THE AMPHITHEATRE,

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

WRITTEN BY ARCHIBALD M'LAREN,

Author of the Coup-de-main, Siege of Perth, Highland Drover, First Night's Lodging, Old England for ever, Humours of the Times, Account of the Irish Insurrection, &c.

Queque ipse vide—VIRGIL.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Captain Racoon,	–	Mr. Lamash,
Quako, –	–	Mr. Meadows,
M'Sympathy, –	–	Mr. Bland,
Justice, –	–	Mr. R. Sparkes,
Indian Prisoner,	–	Mr. Sutherland.
Planter, –	–	———
Whipperin. –	–	———
Sela, –	–	Mrs. Sutherland,
Phoebe, –	–	Mrs. Biggs,
Lucy, –	–	Mrs. R. Sparkes.

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DEDICATION.

To all whoſe ſympathic tears can flow,
At the relation of the wretched's woe,
Or who can laugh a fool, or fop to ſcorn,
Tho' e'er ſo poorly bred or highly born,
This little Piece I humbly dedicate,
And leave it's good or ill ſucceſs to fate.

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THE

NEGRO SLAVES.

ACT I....SCENE I.

CAPTAIN RACOON, JUSTICE, *and* M'SYMPATHY.

Rac. WELL Juſtice, how comes your fair daughter on?

Juſt. How comes ſhe on!....by the Great Mogul! ſhe's much more concern'd how ſhe may get off.

Rac. Get off!....from what?

Juſt. From the match with you:....You remember Mr. Firmlove, who was taken priſoner by the Indians.....

Rac. Perfectly well; and a flaſhy dog he was among the girls....I am told he had found means to wound the young lady.

Juſt. Slightly! ſlightly.

Rac. Slightly! by this cockade and ſword knot, I fear the impreſſion.....

Juſt. The impreſſion! ſquaſhes and pumphims! ....a young girl's heart is like a ſchool-boy's ſlate, one ſcholar rubs out what another has wrote, then ſets down whatever he pleaſes himſelf....ſo, Captain, have at her.

Rac. Have at her! by all the hopes of fame, ſhe won't hear me when I ſpeak....what ſay you, old M'Sympathy?

M'Sym. I ſay naething, young Racoon. A cloſe mouth catches nae flies, as the auld bye word ſays. But if the lady does na hear you, you maun try to ſpeak louder.

Rac. Speak louder!

M'Sym. Yes, and if ſhe does na hear you then, the loſs will be her's; for it will be a great token ſhe's deaf.

Rac.

Rac. Dear man! you're a perfect Boar. Do you know, Juſtice, that this mountain philoſopher, this Highland Cynic, ce ſures me for correcting my own ſlaves.

M'Sym. Hoot awa' man! correction ſhou'd be deſign'd for amendment. But your correction, like that of many others, is but the effects of your vanity and ill nature. Wae worth ſuch correctors, they only ſpoil the copy.

Rac. And will you defend my ſlave in all his ill actions?

M'Sym. Me defend him in a' his ill actions! I winna defend myſel in a' my actions. If you want a perfect man, you muſt make him.

Rac. I'll be judg'd by the Juſtice. You ſee, Sir, this curs'd Quako of mine, has been taught to tread and write. Thanks to Engliſh Tom, who had the folly to inſtruct him. In ſhort, the ſavage h as the impudence to think, nay even to ſpeak like a Chriſtian.

M'Sym. Hoot awa' man! ye run awa' wi' the harrows a' together. Wou'd you hinder.....

Rac. Yes....I would hinder you to ſpeak, but that's impoſſible. It was but yeſterday I condeſcended to diſpute with him, and on my troth, the Parſon ſaid he was like to be too hard for me, but to ſhew them that I had the beſt of the argument, I knocked him down.

M'Sym. Weel I wat did ye wi' your cudgel; and a manly action it was to ſtrike a poor devil who durſt na ſtrike again. De'el ſpeed me, if I cou'd have the courage to do it.

Juſt. But has Quako been guilty of any new enormities?

Rac. Oh yes, Sir....I had two delightful blackbirds in the neſt, which I intended as a preſent for your daughter, and the villain has ſet them at liberty.

M'Sym. Weel, I dinna ken, but there was as muckle

muckle merit in ſetting them at liberty, as there was in confining them.

Rac. Oh, you're like the reſt of your countrymen, never happy but when you're up to the ears in politics.

M'Sym. My country! ye ſhou'd dight your gab when you ſpeak of my country. Love and loyalty ſhall always be our motto, and if we throw a few grains of humanity in the compound, the devil a hair the worſe it will taſte.

Rac. And do you think I'll give up my property to humour your falſe humanity.

M'Sym. Falſe humanity!

Rac. Aye, falſe humanity! you need not ſtart at the word. I'll get ſome of the firſt rank in your own country, to make uſe of the ſame expreſſion.

M'Sym. Will ye!....weel, weel, let that flee ſtick in the wa'....Falſe humanity! very weel, falſe let it be; but for a' that, I wad na change my falſe humanity, for a' your real barbarity....Part wi' your property!....I'm no deep enough ſkill'd....but I'll venture to ſay, that if its really neceſſary to continue them ſlaves, there's nae neceſſity for uſing them like beaſts.

Rac. Who dare hinder me to uſe them as I pleaſe?

M'Sym. De'el a ane; and mair's the pity....but tho' ye ha'e na the love of heaven, nor fear of hell before your een, ye ſhou'd uſe a little of my falſe humanity, for fear your acquaintance ſhould forget your chriſten'd name, and ca' you beaſt.

Rac. Beaſt!

M'Sym. Yes, a twa legged brute, the warſt of a brutes.

Juſt. Why, M'Sympathy, you're a general lover of mankind.

M'Sym. Yes, any man that's no an enemy to my king and country....mind I ſay my king and country.

SONG.

SONG.

Tho' his head shou'd wear no bonnet,
Tho' no shune were on his feet,
Tho' his outside shou'd be seedy,
If his manners are discreet;
Tho' he shou'd ha'e little failings,
As no man can be without,
If he mends them when he kens them,
Of his worth I'll have nae doubt.

I will never speir what country,
If he has an honest heart,
White, or black, or brown, or yellow,
If he's wrang'd, I'll take his part;
Tho' he canna speak his meaning,
So as to be understood,
Let him shew it by a signal,
I'll applaud it if its good.

SCENE—*A Plantation.*

QUAKO, SELA, *and other ſlaves.*

AIR.

YE tedious sun, oh, do make haste,
And hide your head in yonder west;
Come friendly sleep and seal my eyes,
Dry up my tears and heal my sighs.
Ye airy dreams recall no more
Sad thoughts of what I was before;
For now ye sons of India's soil,
Here we are bound to slave and toil.

Ye pow'rs, who made us what we are,
Since we no more are worth your care,
Recall from us each human thought,
To make us fitting for our lot.
That henceforth we may never know,
One beam of hope or pang of woe;
But, like the beasts, unus'd to smile,
Drag on a life to slave and toil.

Enter WHIPPERIN.

Whip. To work, to work! ye ſlaves!—*(Whips them, Quako ſaves Sela.)*—You ſavage! do you lift your hand to a white man? You'll get your arm chopp'd off for your preſumption.

Quako. Then you'll deprive my maſter of half my labour.

Enter Racoon, M'Sympathy, *and* Juſtice.

Whip. Silence, ſlave!

Rac.

Rac. Where is this rogue, this villain? Why don't you anſwer me.....*(ſtriking Quako.)*

Quako. I did not think you ſpoke to me; rogue and villain is not my name.

Rac. Are not you a ſlave?

Quako. I am....and if that makes me a rogue and villain, what muſt they be that made me ſo?

Rac. I told you he would argue: this is the conſequence of teaching ſlaves to read and write. Do you know who robb'd my blackbird's neſt?

Quako. I did.

Rac. And dare you confeſs it.

Quako. If it was wrong, will adding a lie excuſe it.

Rac. Villain! would any body but a black ſavage rob a poor blackbird's neſt?

Quako. Yes, your whites, your poliſh'd, humane whites have robb'd my poor father's neſt of all the young, and left the old birds to mourn, to droop and die.

Rac. But what intereſt cou'd you have in taking the poor birds?

Quako. Intereſt! I know no ſuch thing as intereſt;....my whole life is devoted to the interest of another. I knew the poor things were to be enſlav'd, and I ſet them at liberty.

Rac. You did,....For what?

Quako. Becauſe I think that too many of their colour are ſlaves already.....Ah, maſſa, had you ſeen the poor things as they lay upon my hand, their hearts went pant, pant, this way, and tho' they could not ſpeak, I underſtood the meaning of their pant, pant, to be liberty.

Rac. And you gave it them.

Quack. I did—I ſent them to their little parents who ſat in an oppoſite buſh, lamenting the fate of their captive children.....I threw them in the air, that way, and they flew to the wood.....By this time they know what Quako's heart would feel, if any friendly power would waft him to his native ſhore of Guinea.

Rac. Savage! if you have any feeling, I'll touch you in the tendereſt point. To-morrow I'll ſell your black conſort....and ſend her to a great diſtance..... Sela, prepare yourſelf to ſerve another maſter.

Sela. (Kneeling.) Ah, my dear maſſa, do not part us! do not part us!

Quak. (Kneeling.) Oh, do not part us! my dear maſter do not part us;—if you ſell my Sela, I will droop and die, and you'll loſe your ſlave, your property,—conſider your interest, I am your ſlave —I will be any thing; double my taſk of labour, but leave me my Sela, to inſpire me with ſpirits to accompliſh it.....*(ſupplicating.)*

Rac. I will ſell her.

Quako. You will, maſter, *(firmly)* you have always uſed me with ſeverity; and I have the feelings of a man, though but the complexion of a negro.—*(ſubmiſſively)*—But treat me with humanity, and gratitude will form me to your pleaſure.

Rac. Oh, ſir, you can read and make ſpeeches. Take her away; *(ſlaves drag her off.)* and now, raſcal, to aggravate your miſery, I charge you never to ſpeak to her, or even to look at her again, or this is but a ſample of what you may expect.

⌈*beats him, and goes off with* Juſtice.

Quako. (After a long ſilence) Thank God this life will not laſt for ever.....Cou'd there be a hell worſe than this, if it had no end.

Mac. Poor fallow! I pity, but canna' help you.

Quako. To beat me for nothing.....I never ſtrike a horſe, I never ſtrike a dog, becauſe they are but poor ſlaves like myſelf; but if I did, ſomebody would take their part; but nobody will take the part of a poor negro.

Mac. Yes, Quako, lad, mair than ye're awar of, ...Many able, learned men are intereſted in your welfare, and I hope to ſee the day that will put you on an equal footing wi' the reſt o' your fellow creatures, or at leaſt make your ſituation mair tolerable.

Quako.

Quako. Ah, maſter, I'll ſing you a ſong to make you ſorry, ſince you have a heart to entertain a ſtranger.

Mac. What ſtranger, Quako?

Quako. Pity....that's a ſtranger here, maſter.

SONG.—*Air High-mettl'd Racer.*

When the ſhip came to Guinea, the white man we 'ſpy,
Like the great Nankaponie come down from the ſky;
He ſhew'd the fine trinket, the glaſs, and the bead,
The lace and the ribbon, and the cap for the head.
One day I was happy, with friends by my ſide,
To give me my Sela, my ſloe-colour'd bride,
To buy her fine trinket, I go to the ſhore,
But white man he ſeize me, I get back no more,
When bound in the veſſel, I ſaw in my mind,
The grief of my Sela, and friends left behind.

I thought all my ſorrows to drown in the wave,
But white man refus'd me the peace of the grave;
When here I firſt landed, like beaſt I was ſold,
With many more blackmen companions of old;
Sometimes I ſeem merry, to keep up poor heart,
Yet here I ſtill carry ſad grief's poiſon'd dart.
When I paſt in my ſlavery a twelvemonth or more,
One day to plantation ſome ſlaves came aſhore;
I haſte with my labour, and run to the place,
To try if remembrance cou'd point out ſome face.

Oh, great Nankaponie, how much was I bleſt,
To ſee my dear Sela along with the reſt;
I laugh and I jump, and I dance and I rave,
But my happineſs died when I found her a ſlave.
White man and white woman from ſorrow ſecure,
They never conſider what negroes endure;
They laugh when they're merry, they drink and they eat,
And to find them fine dainties, poor Negroes muſt ſweat.
Sometimes when I'm weary, they make me to ſtrip,
And the wage of my labour, is laſh of the whip:
Oh, great Nankaponie, look down on my woe,
For nobody pities poor negro below.

Mac. Quako, you ſpeak the Engliſh language amaiſt as weel as I do my ſel, wha taught you the pronounciation ſae weel?

Quak. A good, a dear friend.....An Engliſhman taught me to read and write. But his eyes are ſhut, and the whites have laid him in the cold ground. Every morning before I go to work, and every evening when I've finiſhed my labour, I viſit his

his grave, to thank his dear cold dead body for his kindneſs; but his ears are ſtopt, he cannot hear me, he cannot hear his poor unhappy Quako, when he tells him that maſter ſells his hapleſs Sela. *(weeps)*

Mac. Poor ſallow! were I maſter of your ſenſibility, I wa'd na' exchange it for a' your maiſter's plantations.

Enter PLANTER.

Planter. Sir, you're wanted at the houſe. The Indians are diſcovered lurking in the woods, and all the planters are under arms. [*Exit.*

Mac. Are they!....Wae worth that loon of a shoemaker, I'll wad he has na' finish'd the ſcabbard of my durk.....Quako, my lad, ye maun take care of your black callans.

Quako. Do not fear me, I'm my maſter's property, and muſt not be us'd to his diſadvantage;.... he denies me the benefit of a Chriſtian name, but cannot hinder me from the exerciſe of Chriſtian virtues,....My heart would prompt me to revenge, but I've been taught to read, and the book bids me love my enemies; I'm ſorry I cannot love, but I forgive him.

Mac. Poor ſallow! were he not a warſe ſavage than he ca's you, he wou'd applaud you for that ſentiment.

Quako. I'll always try to do what's right; and if he ſhou'd condemn, my own heart will applaud me.

SCENE—*A Chamber.*

PHŒBE *and* LUCY.

Lucy. Lord, ma'am, let him come, we'll ſet him off I'll warrant you ....A pretty fellow indeed, to compare himſelf to Mr. Firmlove.

Phœbe. He'll not trouble us now, the Indians are in the neighbourhood, and all the planters under arms.

Lucy. If he ſtands fire, I'll ſuffer to be ſhot..... I wiſh you wou'd let me dreſs him.

SONG.

SONG.

What tho' no learning fills my head,
Yet don't despise my wit, dear madam,
For Eve cou'd neither write nor read,
When she deceiv'd old father Adam;
If Eve so wise was found to be,
Who knew no more than nature taught her,
What then must you expect from me,
Her well experienc'd little daughter.

Enter RACOON.

Rac. Madam, I am come to take my leave.

Phœbe. You may take your own leave when you chuſe, for you have mine already to go where you pleaſe.

Rac. You're very ſhort, I think, madam.

Phœbe. You may go look for a taller.

Rac. I'm going to the field to kill the Indians.

Lucy. He's going to the kitchen to kill the chickens, for he's more like a cook, than a Captain.

Rac. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Impudence....So madam, you ſtill love Firmlove.

Phœbe. I ſtill love him, and will love him.

Rac. And can't you ſpare one ſingle ſmile to your humble ſervant?

Lucy. Smile! oh, lord, man, we do more than ſmile, for we laugh at you.

Rac. You do.

Lucy. Yes, moſt egregiouſly; and yet for all that, there is ſomething about you ſhe admires.

Rac. Is it poſſible?

Phœbe. What do you ſay, Lucy.

Lucy. Let me alone, madam, I will tell.....

Rac Do....I beſeech you do.

Lucy. You remember yeſterday when you came to her room to ſpeak about your marriage, ſhe did nothing but pout.

Rac. I remember that perfectly well.

Lucy. Oh, but you did not hear what ſhe ſaid after you were gone....it was then ſhe expreſs'd her admiration.

Phœbe. Lucy, are you mad?

Rac. No, no, Lucy's a good girl....come tell us the whole.

Lucy. I will....After you were gone, ſhe look'd after you...." What do you think of him," ſays I.... upon my word replied the lady, I admire.....

Rac. Admire! you give me life....Well, admire what?

Lucy. Admire his impudence, ſays the lady.

Rac. My impudence!....what the devil was that all that attracted her attention.

Lucy. Oh, no, ſhe allows you have other great accompliſhments.

Rac. She does!

Lucy. Yes: ſhe ſays your vanity is unbounded ....your ignorance extraordinary....your cruelty unexampled....and your cowardice unparrallel'd.

Rac. My cowardice!

Lucy. Yes....when the bull purſued you t'other day, you remember, it wou'd have requir'd the niceſt ear to diſtinguiſh which of the two beaſts roar'd loudeſt.

Rac. Beaſts! upon my word you're mighty polite.

Lucy. Polite! hang politeneſs....I only want to do juſtice to my ſubject.

Enter M'Sympathy.

M'Sym. Wae worth the loon that didna finiſh my durk. Captain, what the ſoro are ye doing here....a' the planters are under arms, and the Indians at our very lugs....Come awa', come awa'.

Rac. What, and leave the lady expos'd to danger!....No, Sir, I'll remain here, and guard her. *(draws his ſword.)*

M'Sym. Gude faith! I'm neither a prophet, nor a prophet's ſon; and yet I believe I was na far wrang, when I foretold that you were a coward.

Rac. A coward, Sir!

M'Sym. Yes....the man that ſpends a' his courage upon his inferiors, canna ha'e muckle left, to meet an equal in the field.

Rack.

Rac. I ſhall not leave the lady.

Lucy. Come, we'll go with you then, and fight better than you'll do, or I'll forfeit.....

M'Sym. Oh fie! man ha'e ye nae foul in you?

Rac. Yes....and I want to keep it in me as long as I can. *(aſide.)*

M'Sym. Farewell, ladies....Wae worth you, you coward. [*Exit, giving him a look of contempt.*

Rac. You ſee the ſtrength of my paſſion, I wou'd not leave you if it were to obtain a crown.

Lucy. Paſſion! is fear a paſſion Ma'am?....he wou'd not go for a crown, we'll give him ſix ſhillings.

Rac. Were I once maſter of your perſon.....

Phœbe. My perſon wou'd be us'd like your poor ſlaves, over whom you're maſter.

Rac. Madam, you know I cou'd die to pleaſe you.

Lucy. Cou'd you?....dear ſir, we're much oblig'd to you....that's the very favour we were going to ask you....for you may be ſure, if my miſtreſs is oblig'd to marry you, ſhe'll die with grief....Madam, ſhall I go for.....

Phœbe. Do, if you pleaſe.

Lucy. Shut that door then, leſt he ſhou'd retract his promiſe. [*Exit into a cloſet.*

Rac. Promiſe! promiſe of what?

Phœbe. Your promiſe of dying

Rac. Dying! oh lord! I was only joking.... ſpeaking like a lover.

Re-enter Lucy, *with an old firelock, and ſword-ſcabbard.*

Lucy. Here, madam. (Phœbe *takes the firelock.*) Now for vengeance on your chief enemy.

Phœbe. Lucretia kill'd herſelf, and was made immortal. I will do more, for I will kill him who wou'd be the author of my miſery....*(preſenting the piece,)* Have you a prayer ready?

Rac. Oh lord!....no....let me run out and ſtudy one.

Lucy. Diſpatch him....*(fencing with the ſcabbard)*

Rac. No....I'll diſpatch myſelf. *(runs off)*

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha, his fears prevented his ſeeing that the firelock wanted the lock.

Phœbe. Ha, ha, ha, a firelock without a lock, and a ſcabbard without a blade, is like a ſoldier without a ſoul. Come, Lucy, let us go and ſee what the Indians are about.

SCENE....*A Wood, with a fire in the centre.*

INDIANS *and* SQUAWS....*A dance to the muſic of clatterbones.*

1*ſt*. *Ind*. Did'nt you hear a noiſe?

2*nd*. *Ind*. Yes....ſome ſtranger's foot diſturbs the fallen leaves.

1*ſt*. *Ind*. Retire, and mix you with the trees.... at night we'll ſally forth, and ſeize both young and old....*(they retire on one ſide, enter* CLUMPS *and* HOB *from the other.)*

Clumps. Oh Hobby! Hobby! what the murrain made us leave Farmer Threſhwell's barn....we were never happy 'till we left old England....now wou'd I give all my teeth to be back again.

Hob. A plague and a devil take their lying chops, they told us as how we ſhou'd have goud in gowpins in America. Oh that we ſhou'd come ſo far to get nothing but a diſappointment....we had enough of that at home.

Clumps. *(Seeing one of the painted Indians)* Oh lord! Hobby! here be a wooden man....

Hob. A wooden man, thou fool; keep off, it may be a Valentine and Orſon, or ſome wild man in the wood.

Clumps. Noa, noa, don't you ſee as how he has a noſe, a mouth, and.....(Indian *ſeizes his fingers with his teeth,)* Oh lord! the wooden man has got teeth!

Hob. There! thou wou'dn't be advis'd. Good-day...I'll take care of number one...." tread ſure, tread ſafe," ſays the old proverb....*(tramps on a bear's*

bear's trap, which takes him by the leg,) Oh lord! I'm in the ſtocks again....I had enough of that at home....Oh! oh!

INDIANS *ruſh on.*

Ind. Tamohawk them....ſcalp them....

Enter M'SYMPATHY *and* PLANTERS.

M'Sym. What the muckle devil is a' this ſcriech-ing and ſkirling about....(Indians *retreat.)* Follow the Indians.

Clumps. Indians! lord! I thought as how they had been Valentine and Orſons. Give me a ſword, and I'll ha'e one knock at 'em, for the honour of old England.

M'Sym. That's right, callan, auld England for ever....As long as England lives, there's nae fear of Scotland. (*a ſkirmiſh....the* Indians *ſet up the war-hoop, and are beat off.*)

SCENE—*Plantation.*

A grave-ſtone in a corner; QUAKO *kneeling before the grave.*

Quako. Ye dear remains of my departed friend, accept my thanks! a negro's thanks....The ſhowers of heaven revive the drooping flowers; ah, could your Quako's tears revive your ſleeping ſenſes..... I could tell you a tale of grief, and you would give me counſel.....To-morrow my maſter ſells my Sela, and who ſhall comfort Quako.....Oh, no, no he cannot hear me.

Enter SELA.

Sela. My dear Quako, my maſſa away, and I ſtole——

Quako. Stole! ah, don't ſay ſo....he told us not to ſteal.....(*pointing to the grave.*)

Sela. I only ſtole a little time, to come and look once more at your dear ſweet face, then take a long, a laſt farewell for ever.

Quako. Ah, my Sela, your time now belongs to another, and to ſteal it is a crime; but I remember

when our time was all our own; when I climb'd the mountain, to purſue the wild game, I needed no whip to haſte me on; my long deſire to ſee your ſmiling face, gave ſpeed to my feet, and ſtrength to my arm; I ſoon o'ertook the wild boar, and brought him to my expecting Sela.

Sela. Why will my maſſa ſell me,....I aſk no liberty, but liberty to be with you. My new maſſa will have a bad bargain of the unhappy Sela; when I ſhould work, I will be tink on you and the happy days, (days never to return) which we have enjoy together. Oh, your Sela will indulge the ſweet remembrance till the whip will wake her from her happy dreams of love, of liberty, and you.

Quako. The whip that wounds that tender ſkin, will draw more drops of blood from the heart of Quako——

Sela. Say not ſo.....What, ſhall me leave you, to keep alive remembrance of your Sela?

Quako. Nothing but the ſhadow of your ſweet image;....the ſun may ſet, the ſtars may dim, but that will ſhine unclouded night and day, within my heart, within my head, within my ſoul.

Sela. When you walk by my little garden, when you ſee the yams, will you tink of the abſent hand that planted them; will you tink how often times we have meet dere, to mourn our loſs of liberty, and tell ſweet tales of de happy days of freedom, on our native Coaſt of Guinea.

Quako. I will! I will! *(embracing her)* There is a ſea of water in my head.....My eyes cannot diſcharge it, though they ſhould flow for ever.....But where does my maſter ſend you?

Sela. To the Eaſt ſide of wide river.

Quako. Then here, my Sela, let us make a true but mournful bargain ....When you have finiſhed your taſk at night, (but I'll not be there to help you)....If the wind comes from the Eaſt, will you ſtand on the oppoſite ſhore and breathe your grief acroſs to Quako.....Oh, I'll watch with anxious care and

and extract each ſigh you ſend me, from the common air; and when the wind has made his journey to the weſt, he will return again, and bear my ſorrows to my Sela. My maſter may refuſe me paper, pens and ink, or intercept my letters, but he cannot ſtop my ſighs, they will incorporate with the air, and be as free as we were once, before we knew the cruel whites upon the Coaſt of Guinea.

Sela. Oh my Quako, if it is a ſin be black, why were we not made white; but if a white ſkin muſt always cover a cruel heart, I would rather be as I am.....*(weeps)*

Quako. Not always, but too often my Sela.

DUET.

Quako. Come wipe the tear from your bright eye,
Keeping up your ſinking heart.
Sela. How can you bid my cheek be dry,
Yet ſay that we muſt part.
Quako. No beams of hope my boſom chear,
Through life I'm doom'd a ſlave;
Sela. No proſpect ever to get clear,
Till laid down in the grave.

Quako. When this ſad weary life-time ends,
Sela. Then all our troubles o'er,
Quako. We'll meet again with former friends
Upon ſweet Guinea's ſhore——
Sela. When by the roaring river ſtreams,
On flowery banks we ſtray:
Quako. Our preſent griefs we'll mind, like dreams
That long ſince fled away.

Quako. Farewell, I hear ſome one coming..... Come to my heart, 'tis fifteen years ſince firſt they met.....(*A noiſe without.*)

Sela. They're coming.....

Quako. Let them.....I'm like a drowning wretch, if he can ſeize a buſh, to keep his head from ſinking, like this he holds and holds, but thus he lets it go, when he can hold no more.....

[*ſeeing* Racoon *entering.*

Rac. So, you wretches, you have got together: did not I forbid you to meet?....

[*offering to ſtrike Quako.*

Sela. (*getting between them*) Oh, maſſa, dear maſſa, it was my fault, he not know I was come to him.

Rac. Then you ſhall ſuffer for it.....

[*going to ſtrike her.*

Quako. (*getting between them*) Oh, my dear maſter, the fault was all mine, puniſh me, but ſpare my dear Sela.

Rac. Tnen you shall both ſuffer.

Enter M'Sympathy, Juſtice *and* Indian Priſoner *at one ſide*, Phœbe *and* Lucy *at the other.*

Mac. What the ſoro, Captain, are you at your auld tricks again? it wou'd ſet you muckle better to be where we have been, and then ye wadna be ſae canty, as the auld ſang ſays..... There's a priſoner for you.

Rac. Never fear but I ll take care of him.

Phœbe. I pray you, Sir, what part of the Indian country are you from?

Rac. That's right. Ask him if he knows any thing of your dear Firmlove?

Phœbe Were he here, you durſt not face him.

Rac. Durſt not I?

Phœbe. No, you wou'd ſoon leave the houſe.

Rac. Very true; I wou'd retire to a private corner, where he and I might talk without interruption.

M'Sym. A man of many words, was ne'er a man of noble deeds, as the auld bye word ſays.

Rac. I wiſh I had an opportunity of ſhewing how much I am in earneſt.

Priſon. You may now if you pleaſe.

Rac. Who are you?

Priſon. What, has this ſavage dreſs, and artificial complexion ſo chang'd me?.....

Phœbe. It is! it is! my Firmlove!....I know your features, but your voice is chang'd, as well as your complexion.

Firm. But my heart is ſtill the ſame. Sir, I underſtand

underſtand you've had ſome pretenſions to this lady....ſo if you pleaſe, I'm ready to attend you to ſome private corner, where we may talk (or rather act) without interruption.

Rac. Sir, I'll attend you.....Now I think on't, I won't.

Juſt. Why your as changeable as.....

Rac. As any other mortal. I'll tell you what, Sir, if a man had fourteen or fifteen hundred years to live, he might afford to be twenty years angry, twenty years pleas'd, upon a ſtretch; but as matters are, no man that can boaſt the ſmalleſt taſte for variety, can afford to remain above three minutes in one way of thinking.

Priſon. Sir, I know your character, and think you beneath my reſentment. I love to meet a man on equal terms, but hate to oppreſs the vanquiſhed.

Rac. Vanquiſhed! by whom was I vanquiſh'd?

Priſon. By your own fears.

Rac. Fears! ha! ha! that's a good jeſt! I confeſs I am not a bloody minded fellow. I don't go about with blood and wounds....as a motto upon my ſword, but.....

M'Sym. Oh, ye may believe him....he ſpeaks very wiſely. I'ſe be bail he wants to take nae life but his ain out of this room.

Priſon. I am told, ſir, you mean to ſell Sela.... I'll be your merchant.

Rac. I did....but now I've chang'd my mind.

Priſon. You have! then you and I muſt talk in private.....

Rac. Oh, not at all, ſir, we have no ſecrets. Talk in private about ſelling a ſlave....my dealings are fair and open....I don't care how many are preſent.

Priſon. You did not mean to ſell Quako?

Rac. No, no, I'm reſolved not to ſell him.

Priſon. Have you remain'd above three minutes in that way of thinking?

Rac. Longer....much longer.

Priſon.

Priſon. Then, ſir, as matters are, I wou'd adviſe you to change it, for I'm reſolv'd to buy him too.

Rac. With all my heart: we ſhall never diſpute about ſuch a trifling thing as the ſale of a ſlave.

Sela. (Quako *and* Sela *kneel to* Firmlove) Oh my dear Maſſa Firmlove, you always a good man. You be a good maſſa to us both, and I no part from my dear Quako.

Priſon. No, Sela, I don't mean to keep you. I'll diſpoſe of you to another man.

Sela. (falls down) Ah poor negro....no happineſs for poor negro ſlave.

Quako. Oh, cruel! cruel! why did you give us a glimpſe of hope? was it to ſink us deeper in deſpair?....our miſery needed no addition Oh!....keep her....keep her....or bargain cheap for me. My honeſty prompts me to tell you, that you can expect but little ſervitude from Quako.

Priſon. No, Quako, I'll diſpoſe of you to another too.

Quako. Let the merchant, that buys me next, be death, and the plantation where I'm ſent, the grave. You will not, like my laſt maſter, hinder us to take a laſt farewell?

Priſon. By no means; uſe your freedom.

Quako. Freedom! freedom!....it's gone....it's loſt. Come, Sela....(*they retire and talk,*.)

Priſon Sir, I underſtand you have had ſome thoughts of marrying this lady?

Rac. I cannot ſay but I had.

Priſon. And how long have you been in that way of thinking?

Rac. Above three minutes, I promiſe you.

Priſon. Then, ſir, you muſt change it.

Rac. Or elſe we muſt talk in private....

Priſon. Yes.

Rac. No, we ſhan't; we'll never quarrel about ſuch a trifling thing as a lady....I mean her perſon, when you have her heart already.

Priſon. Now, Sela, I muſt keep my word with

with you....I promiſed to diſpoſe of you to another, and ſo I ſhall. Here, Quako, take her hand.

Both. Oh joy! oh bliſs!

Priſon. Now Quako, let her go, till I diſpoſe of you, according to my promiſe. Here, Sela, take him as a preſent from me. The miſeries of ſlavery, I have, in a great degree experienced, from three month's impriſonment with the Indians. You have no maſter now, but your paſſions; but beware of them, leſt they ſhou'd prove greater tyrants than he from whom you have eſcaped. From this moment you are free, for I preſent you with the brighteſt jewel in the Britiſh dominion....and that is your liberty.

Quako. (*both dancing with joy*) Then we ſhall go to England, and be free Britons.

Rac. And I ſuppoſe, Mr. and Mrs. Blackamoor, you'll not leſſen the reports that fly there, of the planter's bad uſage of their negroes?

M'Sym. Hoot awa' man; planters are like other folks, ſome good and ſome bad, like a barrel of herring.. but I believe you're among the worſt of them....Yes, yes, there are roſes and dockins in a' countries.

Rac. Well, I'll tell you what, old Mac, I believe I was too harſh....cuſtom has a wonderful effect upon our manners....My father left them as ſlaves, and as ſlaves I kept them, till.....aye, egad, till I cou'd keep them no longer; for you all ſeem'd ſo intereſted....Even Miſs Phœbe was their chief advocate....Such eloquent lectures.....

Phœbe. Thank you, Sir; I believe my eloquence is much on a par with your courage....but had I been bleſs'd with eloquence, I think I cou'd not have employ'd it better, than in behalf of the wretched.

Sela. Ah, my dear Miſſie Phœbe, you always good lady! you always pity when the white-man's laſh poor negros.

M'Sym. Aye, Sela....and I ha'e ſeen in England, and

and Ireland too, many a fair bosom heave a sigh, when the sufferings of your sooty colour ha'e been related; and shame fa' me gin I think there was a single grain of false humanity in a' their feelings

FINALE.

Rac. My sab'e pair, I'm very glad,
That you're reliev'd from slav'ry:
M'Sym. And sae wou'd I, my honest blade,
That you were cur'd of knav'ry.
Just. Come drown your c re, and hang despair,
And banish grief and sorrow;
Prison. Why shou'd we grieve, who may not live
Perhaps to see to-morrow.

Quako. May peace and love with liberty,
Extend to all the creation;
M'Sym. The de'el a place on earth I see,
Like our ain British nation.
Lucy. God bless King George and family,
With every rank and station;
Phabe. And may our states and they agree,
Through all the world's duration.
CHOR. Then drown your care, &c.

Prison. Those isles from which our father's came,
May no rude factions ever;
May friendship's flame and sacred name.
Betwixt us live for ever.
May our ships at sea protected be,
From treach'rous foes and dangers;
Our trade extend to world's far end,
Among both friends and strangers.
CHOR. Then drown your care, &c.

Lucy. Now we'll conclude this sketch so rude,
Too long, I fear, we've teaz'd you;
Each fault forgive, for as we live,
'Twas our design to've pleas'd you.
The author owns, he fears your frowns,
For what he has come short in;
So ladies smile, his fears beguile,
And so we'll drop the curtain.
CHOR. Then drown your care, &c.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA.

In p. 2, l. 1, of the dedication, for "sympathic" *read* "sympathetic." In p. 5, l. 15, for "pumphims" *read* "pumpkins." In p. 6, l. 17, for "tread" *read* "read."